MACBETH;

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is now Acted by His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON,

Printed for J. TONSON; and alſo for J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Truſt for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WELLINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.

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lington. MDCCXXIX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Mackbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Seyward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young Seyward *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE *in the End of the fourth act lyes in* England, *thro' the reſt of the Play in* Scotland, *and chiefly at* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

Suppos'd to be true hiſtory; taken from Hector Boetius, *and other* Scotiſh *Chroniclers.*

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MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Three Witches.

FIRST WITCH.

WHEN ſhall we three meet again ?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain ?
2d Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's loſt and won.
3d Witch. That will be ere Set of Sun.
1ſt Witch. Where the Place ?
2d Witch. Upon the Heath.
3d Witch. There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1ſt Witch. I come, I come,
Grimalkin ?
2d Witch. Padocke calls—anon !
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover thro' fog and filthy Air.
[*They riſe from the Stage, and fly away.*

SCENE II.

A Palace.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. WHAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

Mal. This is the ſerjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glaſſes* was ſupply'd,
And fortune on his damned quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
Till he had fac'd the ſlave,
Who ne'er ſhook hands nor bid farewel to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun [1] gives his reflection,
Shipwracking ſtorms and direful thunders [2] break;
So from that ſpring whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſ-

[1] *gins.* [2] *breaking.*

Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd thoſe skipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels,
But the *Norweyan* lord ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled ſtroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help——

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.

Len. What haſte looks thro' his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Roſſe. God ſave the King.

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*

Roſſe. From *Fiſe*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himſelf, with numbers terrible,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point, rebellious arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King.

King. Great Happineſs.

Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes-kill*-iſle
Ten thouſand dollars to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1*ſt Witch.* WHERE haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2*d Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3*d Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1*ſt Witch.* A ſailer's wife had cheſtnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
† Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter of the *Tiger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—— I'll do—— and I'll do.

2*d Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1*ſt Witch.* Thou art kind.

3*d Witch.* And I another.

1*ſt Witch.* I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very [3] points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I'th'

† *aroint*, or *avaunt*, *be gone.* [3] *ports.*

I'th' ſhip-man's card----
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid;
Weary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Tho his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2d Witch. Shew me, ſhew me.

1ſt Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3d Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The wayward ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to [4] *Foris*---What are theſe?
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That man may queſtion? you ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—— You ſhould be women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1ſt Witch.

[4] *foris.*

1*ſt Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis* !

2*d Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor* !

3*d Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! that ſhall be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do yon ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair ? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew ? my noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal ; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1*ſt Witch.* Hail !

2*d Witch.* Hail !

3*d Witch.* Hail !

1*ſt Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2*d Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3*d Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, tho thou be none ;
All-hail ! *Macbeth* and *Banquo.*

1*ſt Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more ;
By † *Sinel*'s death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis* ;
But how of *Cawdor ?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman ; and to be *King*,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor.* Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting ?—— ſpeak I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has ;
And theſe are of them : whither are they vaniſh'd ?

Macb. Into the air : and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted,

† *The father of* Macbeth.

Melted, as breath into the wind ——
Would they had ſtaid!
Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root
That takes the reaſon priſoner?
Macb. Your children ſhall be Kings.
Ban. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?
Ban. To th' ſelf-ſame tune and words; who's here?

SCENE. V.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which would be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In Viewing o'er the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy ſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick [1] as hail,
Came poſt on poſt, and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his Kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our Royal maſter, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;

Why

[1] *as tale*
Can poſt with poſt ——

Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his Country's wrack, I know not:
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains.
[*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your children ſhall be Kings?
[*To* Banquo.
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word I pray you, [*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theam. I thank you, gentlemen—
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good —— If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thame* of *Cawdor*.
If good; why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of Nature? preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man, that Function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,

But

But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me [*Aſide.*

Without my ſtir,

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth* we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your Pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them——let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time.
[*To* Banquo.
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough: come, Friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. VI.

A Palace.

Flouriſh. *Enter King,* Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and attendants.*

King. IS execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons,

Implor'd your highneſs' pardon and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wind of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Mach. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our Duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves.
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,

We

We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm* whom we name hereafter
The prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs like ſtars ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.——Hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my ſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The prince of *Cumberland*—that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires,
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*, he is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me, let us after him
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's *Caſtle at* Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *THEY met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learn'd by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them farther they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood*

rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which title before theſe wayward ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with* hail King that ſhallt be. *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt partner of greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*——and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: Yet I fear thy nature,
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou muſt do if thou have it;
"And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
"Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſic aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſ. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. Give him tending,

He

He brings great news. ‘ The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſ-*
‘ That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
‘ Under my battlements. Come all you ſpirits
‘ That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
‘ And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top-full
‘ Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
‘ Stop up th'acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
‘ That no compunctions viſitings of nature
‘ Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
‘ Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
‘ And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters!
‘ Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
‘ You wait on nature's miſchief. Come, thick night!
‘ And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
‘ That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes,
‘ Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
‘ To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. Oh never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my *Thane,* is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,

Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak farther.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Caſtle Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. THIS caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd maſonry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor † coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometimes our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice

(In

† *or*, corner, *Fr.*

(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

An Apartment.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with diſhes and ſervice over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. IF it were *done*, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
† Might be the Be-all and the End-all —— *Here,*

Here

†† *The firſt of theſe lines (which in the old edition is totally different from all the others) and the latter (which*

Here only on this bank and ſchool of time,
We'd jump the life to come —— But in theſe caſes
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught return
† To plague th' Inventor: Even-handed Juſtice
Returns the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
(Strong both againſt the deed) Then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculty ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off.
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind. — I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it ſelf,
And falls on th' other ——

SCENE X.

Enter Lady.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almoſt ſupp'd, why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this buſineſs,
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden

† *(which is quite omitted in all the others) entirely reſtore this very obſcure paſſage to ſenſe, as will appear upon compariſon.*

Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which ſhould be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'th' adage.
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace?
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me —
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail?
Lady. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon

A limbeck only; when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's *caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's husbandry in heav'n,

Their

Their candles are all out.—— Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a ſervant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword: who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal;
By th' name of moſt kind hoſteſs, and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three wayward ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhould cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.
Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while!
Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exit* Banquo.

* SCENE

* SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw ——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt —— I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy blade and dadgeon, † gouts of blood
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing—
It is the bloody buſineſs which informs
This to mine eyes—— Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing [1] ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt — Thou [2] ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,

Which

† gouttes, *or* drops, *Fr.* [1] *ſides.* [2] *ſour*, perhaps, *ſure.*

Which now ſuits with it— whilſt I threat, he lives — *
[*A Bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me,
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

* SCENE III.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night — he is about it —
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho?——
Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us——hark! — I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.—— Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had don't — My husband!
Macb. I've done the deed — didſt not thou hear a noiſe?

---

* —— he lives,
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, &c.

Lady. I heard the owl ſcream and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!——who lies i'th' ſecond chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd murther,
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſt them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
Liſtning their fear, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought,
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder ſleep. The innocent Sleep, *
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the houſe,
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall

---

* —— innocent ſleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of, &c.

Shall ſleep no more; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noiſe appalls me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather *
Make the green ocean red ———

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white, I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;

* ——— will rather
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnadine
Making the green one red.
Enter Lady. &c.

A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking!
[*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mach. To know my Deed, 'twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou couldſt!
[*Exeunt.**

SCENE

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*——would thou could'ſt!

SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an *Engliſh* taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in taylor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting

ing

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox *and Porter.*

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
——Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

---

ing bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?
Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing till the ſecond cock:
And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and giving him the lye, leaves him.
Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lye laſt night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lye, and I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

SCENE, *&c.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, † phyſicks pain;
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit* Macduff.
Len. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down. And, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſying with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:
The obſcure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some ſay the earth was fev'rous, and did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee—
Macb. and Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece,
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'th' building.

Macb.

† *heals* or *cures* pain.

Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?——
Len. Mean you his majeſty?——
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Macd. Ring the alarum-bell—murther! and treaſon!—
Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death it ſelf—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image! *Malcolm! Banquo!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell——

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.
Macd. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* our royal maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?——
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I prithee contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,

There's

There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, *and* Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his Chamber as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them——

Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver skin lac'd with his [c] goary blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance; there the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breach'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!—— [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?

Don.

[c] *golden.*

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; [*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it farther. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſſe, *with an old Man.*

Old Man. THreeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt the heav'ns as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A falcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, ſee you not?

Roſſe.

Roſſe. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two ſons,
Are ſtoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill;
Thriftleſs ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own life's means. Then 'tis moſt like
The ſovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth?*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to *Fife*.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee, things well done there; adieu.
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new.
Roſſe. Farewel, Father.
Old M. God's beniſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THOU haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The wayward women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity,
But that my ſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but huſh, no more.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Lay your highneſs'
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time
Till ſeven at night, to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome: we will keep our ſelf
Till ſupper time alone: till then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

SCENE II.

Manent Macbeth *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Ser. They are my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us——To be thus, is nothing. [*Exit ſer.*

But to be ſafely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear; and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid
Anthony's was by *Cæſar*. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I fill'd my mind?
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd?
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them? and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings? the ſeed of *Banquo* Kings?
Rather than ſo, come fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance!——who's there?

Enter ſervant, and two murtherers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there till we call.
[*Exit ſervant.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
You have conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conf'rence, paſt in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how croſt; the inſtruments,

Who

Who wrought with them: and all things elſe that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* True you made it known.

Macb. I did ſo; and went farther, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your Nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clipt,
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put the buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our Health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world,
Have ſo incens'd that I am † reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

† *careleſs.*

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your enemy.
Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.
2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. In this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'th time,
The moment on't, (for't muſt be done to night,
And ſomething from the palace:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his ſon that keeps him company,
(Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Than is his father's) muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve your ſelves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.
Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court;
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will.
Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all Remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.
Macb. We have † ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it—
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſie. ——— *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!

† *ſcotch*, to *ſlaſh*, *hack*, or *cut*.

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.
Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo I pray be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo.*
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizards t'our hearts, diſguiſing what they are.
Lady. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.
Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eternal.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecat*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: come ſealing night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Park, the Caſtle at a diſtance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* BUT who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur. Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not to miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.

1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the [a] lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches.
The ſubject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.

Banquo within. Give us light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he,

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou

[a] *lateſt.*

Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave!

[*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

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*SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Caſtle.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, ſit down: And firſt and laſt the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.

Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with ſociety, And play the humble hoſt:
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends, For my heart ſpeaks, they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks.
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i'th' midſt;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round——There's blood upon thy face [*To the Murtherer aſide at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the caſing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe?—
Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown ſerpent lyes: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear our ſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is [3] cold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſawce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't pleaſe your highneſs ſit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,

Than

[3] *ſold.*

Than pity for miſchance!

Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*

Len. Here's a place reſerv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his highneſs is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
[*To* Macb. *aſide.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady. Proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*aſide.*
This is the air-drawn-dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts,
(Impoſtures to true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it ſelf!——
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythe ſee there!
Behold! look! loe! how ſay you?
[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.--
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Lady.

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.
Lady. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere humane ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I forgot——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full——
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miſs,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
[*The Ghoſt riſes again.*
Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of Cuſtom; 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time,
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again

And

And dare me to the deſart with thy ſword;
If trembling I [4] inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why ſo,——be gone——
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes*
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*

Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With moſt admired diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? you make me ſtrange
Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty.

Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they ſay blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augures that underſtood relations have
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will ſend:
There is not one of them, but in his houſe I

[4] *inhabit.*

I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the wayward ſiſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good;
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe,
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young indeed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1*ſt Wit.* WHY how now, *Hecat'*, you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be brought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit ſee
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within, Come away, come away,* &c.
1ſt Witch. Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Lenox *and another Lord.*

Len. MY former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*— marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if 't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too

It

It was for *Malcomb*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth?* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink and thralls of ſleep?
Was that not nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay
He has born all things well, and I do think
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As and't pleaſe heav'n he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſons of *Duncan*,
From whom his tyrant holds the due of birth,
Live in the *Engliſh* court, and are receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance

His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three witches.

FIRST WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd

2d Witch. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3d Witch. Harper crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1ſt Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*

Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1ſt Witch. Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye

Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*;
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2*d Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and grey.
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2d Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret black and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How e'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
" Tho you unite the winds, and let them fight
" Againſt the churches; tho the yeſty waves
" Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
" Tho bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
" Tho caſtles topple on their warders heads;
" Tho palaces and pyramids do ſlope
" Their heads to their foundations; tho the treaſure
" Of nature's † germains tumble all together,
" Even 'till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I ask you.
1ſt Witch. Speak.
2d Witch. Demand.
3d Witch. We'll anſwer.
1ſt Witch. Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths.
Or from our maſters?
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1ſt Witch. Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: greaſe that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame:
All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Appari-

† or *kindred.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power——
1*ſt Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!* ——
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife* — diſmiſs me — enough.
[*Deſcends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more —
1*ſt Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand riſes.

What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunſinane*'s high hill

Shall

Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious dead, riſe never till the wood
Of *Birnam* riſe; and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you: let me know.
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?

[*Hoboys.*

1*ſt Witch.* Shew!

2*d Witch.* Shew!

3*d Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo *laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown do's fear mine eye-balls. And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound-brow) is like the firſt——
A third, is like the former — filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this? — A fourth? — Start eye!
What, will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of doom? —
Another yet? — A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry.
Horrible ſight! nay now I ſee 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

1*ſt Witch.* Ay Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come

Come ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights,
I'll charm the air to give a ſound
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The witches dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone? — Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accurſed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there?

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the wayward ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o'th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly the land?

Roſſe. You muſt have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. Deareſt couſin,
I pray you ſchool your ſelf; but for your husband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' time. I dare not ſpeak much farther,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird!
Thou'dſt never fear the net, nor line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. How will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet i'faith
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey: but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead you'd weep for him: if you would

would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame, I am not to you known,
Tho in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus methinks I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you,
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I'ad done no harm?—— what are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He 'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you. [*Exit, crying Murther.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The King of England's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. LET us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and like good men,
Beſtride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet; I'm young, but ſomething
You may diſcern of him thro' me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treach'rous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, tho the brighteſt fell:
Tho all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.
Macd. I've loſt my hopes.
Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and children?

Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ?
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties : you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee ! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is † affear'd. Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended ;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think our country ſinks beneath the yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right :
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macb. What ſhould he be ?

Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know ‡
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In ills, to top *Macbeth.*

Mal. I grant him bloody,

Luxu-

† Affear'd, *a law term for* confirm'd.

‡ *This conference of* Malcolm *with* Macduff *is taken out of the chronicles of* Scotland.

Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of each ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuouſneſs; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than ſuch an one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold: the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that were I King
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe,
And my more-having would be as a ſawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and royal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeming luſt; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath † foyſons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,

 Bounty,

† *plenty.*

Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!*——

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?
No not to live. Oh nation miſerable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. Oh my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to women, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray

The

The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heav'n
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery; he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,

And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!
Mal. My country-man; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers.
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. 'Alas poor country,
'Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
'Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
'But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
'Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air
'Are mad, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
'A modern ecſtaſie: the dead-man's knell
'Is there ſcarce ask'd, for whom? and good mens lives
'Expire before the flowers in their caps,
'Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh relation! too nice, and yet too true.
Mal. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour

Of

Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.

Macd. What? concern they
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?

Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.

Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too!———

Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.

Macd.

Macd. And I muſt be from thence! my wife kill'd too!

Roſſe. I've ſaid.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay all? what, all? *

Mal. [1] Endure it like a man.

Macd. I ſhall:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: heav'n reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my ſelf,
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what chear you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

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* ——— oh hell kite! what, all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?

Mal. Endure it, *&c.*

[1] *diſpute.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo you! here ſhe comes; this is her very guiſe, and upon my life faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damn'd ſpot; out I ſay——one; two; why then 'tis time to do't——hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account——yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?——no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you marr all with ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale——I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo.

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine than the phyſician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo good night.
My mind ſhe'as † mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at diſtance.

Enter Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. THE *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
‡ Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang.

† *conquer'd or ſubdu'd.*

‡ *This line omitted in all but the firſt edition in folio.*

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?
Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward*'s ſon,
And many unruff'd youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay he's mad: others that leſſer hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now do's he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoyl, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the ſickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. BRING me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
'Fear not *Macbeth*, no man that's born of woman
'Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Fly falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures.
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown:
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?
Ser. There are ten thouſand——
Macb. Geeſe, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, Sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, wheyface?
Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence——*Seyton!*——I'm ſick at heart,
When I behold——*Seyton!* I ſay!——this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
'And that which ſhould accompany old age,

'As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
'I muſt not look to have: but in their ſtead,
'Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
'Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh is hackt,
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more horſes, skirre the country round,
Hang thoſe that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How do's your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her of that:
'Canſt thou not miniſter to minds diſeas'd,
'Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
'Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
'And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
'Cleanſe the full boſome of that perilous ſtuff
'Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my armour on, give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out—Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me——
Come, Sir, diſpatch——If thou couldſt, doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay——
What rubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence? hear'ſt thou of them?

Doct.

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane.*

Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Birnam *Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. COUSIN, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam.*

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd. [1] Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Seyw.

[1] *Set our beſt cenſures Before thee* ——

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate.
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V.

DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. HANG out our banners on the outward walls
The cry is ſtill, *they come:* our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not † forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of women.*
Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good lord.
Mac. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a ſhriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word,
' To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
' Creeps

† for *re-inforc'd.*

'Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
'To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
'and all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
'The way to [5] ſtudy death. Out, out, brief candle!
'Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
'That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
'and then is heard no more! It is a tale
'Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
'Signifying nothing!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly,
Meſ. My gracious lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, ſay it, Sir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*Striking him.*
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming?
I ſay, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much——
I pull in reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam* wood
"Do come to *Dunſinane*," and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
'I 'gin to be a weary of the ſun,
'And wiſh the ſtate o'th' world were now undone.

[5] *duſty death.*

' Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
' At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Before Dunſinane.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. NOW near enough: your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my couſin, your right noble ſon,
Lead our firſt Battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.
Seyw. Fare you well:
Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued,*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But bear-like I muſt fight the corſe. What's he
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy name;
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Seyw.

Yo. Seyw. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Seyw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou lyeſt, abhorred tyrant, with my ſword
I'll prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*Fight, and young* Seyward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman;
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant. ſhew thy face,
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: Or thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be——
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolme *and* Seyward.

Seyw. This way, my lord, the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight.
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do,

Mal. We've met with foes

That

That ſtrike beſide us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my ſword! thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo?
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.

We'll

We'll have thee, as our rarer-monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
'Here may you ſee the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarums.*

SCENE VIII.

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours Malcolme, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs were ſafe arriv'd.
Seyw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his prow'ſs confirm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Seyw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Seyw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Seyw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.

Mal.

Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more;
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
So God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where ſtands
Th' uſurper's curſed head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy kingdom's peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail King of *Scotland!*

All. Hail King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of[a] heaven
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone.*

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

[a] *grace.*

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FINIS.